

In Another Life

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Summary: Tuesday was Michael's best friend. Now, he's come back to kill her. But we also get to see what their life would have been like if Michael hadn't killed his sister. In another life, things may have been different. One shot.

In Another Life

Tuesday Mystery remembered how she and Michael Myers were best friends. Her world was crushed when he was taken away from her. In her mind, he was taken. She believed he should have been allowed to stay. He didn't know what he was doing, right?

But nothing she did could bring him back to her. She would therefore just have to dream.

This is what she did now. She woke up startled. She sat straight up in bed. A glittering tear fell from her sapphire blue eye and dampened the fluffy white sheets. Something about this dream just seemed so real. She turned on her radio and simply listened.

It was true. She couldn't believe it. Her heart sank and she felt like she was going to throw up. Michael Myers was free. He was in Haddonfield. And he had just killed three people. He was trying to kill his sister.

Of everyone in Haddonfield, Tuesday may have been the only one who knew that Laurie Strode was Michael Myers' sister. She was the only one who knew that Michael was trying to kill Laurie.

There was a sound outside and now Tuesday was the only one who knew what was going to happen next.

With the sound of shattering glass downstairs, she took off like a shot through the house. She crashed into the railing and looked down the foyer to the first floor where a man wearing a mask now stared up

at her. They locked gazes, hers terrified and his murderous, and she peered into the brown eyes that the mask couldn't conceal. They stayed like this for only a moment. Then Tuesday took off down the hall as Michael walked up the stairs with a large knife he had taken from her kitchen in hand.

In another life, one where Michael hadn't killed his sister, Tuesday would be sitting in her bedroom and looking through a scrapbook she had carefully put together in the past two weeks. She would open to the first page and look at the picture of her as a baby with Michael and Judith on the front porch of the Myers' house. They were all dressed up for Halloween. Michael was dressed as a pumpkin. Tuesday was a bumblebee. Judith was a cat of some sort. Judith smiled widely and the two babies were asleep on either side of her.

The next pictures were the same as the first, but different years. It was a picture they recreated every year. One year, Tuesday was a witch, Michael was a ghost and Judith was an evil queen. Then there was the year that they were all vampires. Finally, there was Michael as a clown, Tuesday as a princess, and Judith just dressed normally with some animal ears. It was the first year that she didn't go out with them.

In real life, it was the last, too. In real life, Tuesday ran into the attic and hid in a small closet-like area created by two walls. She crouched down and held her breath as the footsteps came closer to the attic. They were heavy and almost evil. Tuesday couldn't believe that she had one been this creature's best and only friend. She couldn't believe she had loved him.

But in another life, Tuesday turned the page of her scrapbook. There were pictures of them in elementary school. They were inseparable at that time. Tuesday had become a tomboy through fourth and fifth grade. She wanted to be more like Michael and not embarrassing to him. But Michael could never be embarrassed by her.

The picture she liked best was one of them the summer between fourth and fifth grade. Michael was leaning against the base of an old tree looking up at her. She was hanging upside down from a branch. Her hair was hanging loosely down and one arm was outstretched. Michael was reaching up. Their fingertips were just barely touching.

Tuesday smiled in this life and turned the page.

In real life, though, Tuesday was almost in tears. The door creaked agonizingly as Michael entered. Tuesday peered through a crack in the wall and watched as the silver blade glittered in the pale moonlight. She was trembling now and willing herself not to scream. She bit into the flesh of her thumb so that she wouldn't scream and wouldn't faint.

In another life, she was looking at a picture of her, Michael, and several other friends in middle school. They were all together at a Halloween party. Tuesday had gone full out girly at this time dressing as an angel. Michael had dressed up as some sort of monster wearing a mask from the store.

The next picture was Michael and Tuesday at the middle school talent show. Michael had played guitar while Tuesday sang. They had been practicing for a while. Tuesday had convinced Michael to take up

guitar in the first place. She taught him to, actually.

But in real life, Tuesday saw an opportunity. Michael was on the other side of the room. She took her chance and ran. She climbed up a ladder to the upper attic. Her house was built a long time ago and had a secret passage that led to the upper attic. It was great when she was a kid to have a hidden room all to herself, but it was a secret that she shared with Michael. Michael heard her. He twisted around and walked swiftly toward the secret passage. He slipped in and followed her.

Tuesday tried to slip through the small window that was the way she used to get out quickly as a little kid, but she hadn't been up here in so long. She no longer could squeeze through the window, no matter how thin and small she may have been.

She turned to run, but Michael now stood between her and her escape.

In another life, she was smiling as she looked at another picture. She had gotten to high school. There was a beautiful picture of her, Michael, and their two friends all dressed up for the semi-formal dance freshman year. They weren't going as dates. It would have been too weird. They simply went as friends. During the slow dance, they sat down and talked.

Then there was the homecoming dance sophomore year. They again went as friends, but Michael danced with her for one slow dance. It had been a joke, though. They both danced really badly and laughed the entire time. "First I spin you," Michael had said and spun her around, "then you spin me!" She laughed at this comment and broke their grip on each other. "Where are you going?" Michael had asked, "You still need to dip me!"

The next picture was junior prom. Tuesday went with her boyfriend of the time, Brad, and Michael went with Katie, one of his friends. Michael had told her a few years later that he couldn't stand Katie, but wanted to make sure Tuesday wasn't hurt by Brad. In the end, Michael ended up dancing with Tuesday for the last dance. That was the night that they first kissed.

Brad had gotten drunk towards the end of the dance and had to be driven home by one of his friends and their date. Michael completely left Katie and found Tuesday before she left. He danced with her for the last song and then led her outside.

Tuesday had been wearing a pastel blue dress that fell to her mid-shin. It had lace on the hem and the neck and sleeves. Two bows were on the skirt. It was ruffled around the neckline and hemline. She was had taken off her heel and carried them in one hand and held Michael's as they ran through the field behind the school and up a hill to the park. There was a little playground there. Michael picked her up bridal style (she had always been very petite and was a good four inches shorter than he was) and carried her across the woodchips to the swing set. He placed her standing up on the swing and she pulled herself up so the Michael could stand there, too. She then stood on his shoes and the both swung standing up like that.

Michael held onto the ropes and Tuesday put her arms around him. They stared into each other's eyes for a while and smile at each other.

Then they kissed. It was a long and romantic kiss. In Tuesday's mind, it just seemed so perfect. Perfect. The only word she could think of to describe that night.

But in the real world, tears began to pour from Tuesday's eyes and Michael's freezing, icy hand clamped around her throat. He held her against the wall and her tiny, pale hands tried to loosen his grip on her fragile neck.

"Michael" she choked, "Please"

Michael cocked his head and looked curiously at the girl.

In that other life, Tuesday would have looked at the last picture on that page. It was senior prom. They had gone together. They danced to every song and kissed at least five times that night. She wore a delicate blue dress that fell to the floor. Michael's tie matched it. She turned the page.

"Tues! What are you doing? It's eleven o'clock!" Laurie Myers asked walking into the room.

"Sorry," she said, "I was just looking at these old pictures,"

Laurie sat down next to her on the bed, "Oh, I remember that!" Laurie pointed to the picture, "Judith's wedding!"

The picture was of Michael holding Tuesday around the waist while she held a bouquet of purple flowers that almost matched her dress. Tuesday had been a bridesmaid in the wedding.

"I made this for Michael," she said, "It's just kind of our lives through the years,"

"Can I see?" Laurie asked.

"Of course," she replied and turned the page, "Look, here's our vacation in New York,"

"Oh, yeah," Laurie looked closer at the photo, "You didn't tell any of us until the last day of the trip that you were going out,"

"We didn't know if you'd accept us,"

"We did, didn't we?"

"You did. But I can't even explain how fast my heart was racing,"

"You were really that scared?"

"Oh, yes. I was horrified!"

Laurie laughed.

In real life, Michael threw her across the floor. She hit the opposite wall hard and coughed. "Michael, please!" she sobbed and pulled herself up, "It's me, Michael, it's Tuesday,"

Michael walked towards her again.

In another life, Laurie and Tuesday looked at the last picture. It was one of her and Michael kissing at a Halloween party.

There was a knock at the door downstairs and Tuesday's mother answered.

"Hi, sorry I'm here so late! Is she still awake? Please tell me she is!" a familiar voice said from downstairs.

Laurie and Tuesday jumped up and raced down the stairs. Laurie hugged the thirty-two year old and then Tuesday hugged her.

"Judith!" she said, "I'm so glad you could make it,"

"Tues, I would have been here if I had to quit my job to do it! But luckily, my new boss isn't an ass like my last one!" Judith laughed. Then she pulled Tuesday's hand towards her.

But in the real world, Michael was right on top of Tuesday. He grabbed a handful of her chestnut locks and pulled her head back so that her neck was exposed and vulnerable. Then Michael raised the knife high above her.

She could almost picture blade penetrating her delicate flesh forcing the crimson blood to flow down it and stain her fair skin. Tears still fell from her eyes and plopped onto the floor.

"Michaelâ€|" she made one last attempt.

In another life Judith looked down at her left hand.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed, "How did he afford that rock?"

Laurie leaned over and looked at the diamond ring on Tuesday's ring finger and smiled at its glittering beauty.

"Shouldn't all of you be asleep?" some asked from above them. All three girls looked up at the brown haired boy who had been watching them for a while.

"Shouldn't you?" Judith laughed, "Come down here and give your sister a hug, little brother!"

Michael smiled and came down the stairs. He hugged Judith tightly and then stood with his arm around Tuesday. He kissed her head gently.

"So you made it after all," Michael said.

"You really think I'd miss this?" Judith asked.

"No, I didn't," Michael said, "I knew you'd be here. Tutu here was terrified you wouldn't come,"

Tuesday smiled and leaned her head into his chest.

"So how have you been?" Judith asked, "I haven't seen you guys in a year and a halfâ€"that's what I get for living in Miamiâ€"I feel like

I've missed so much!"

Tuesday yawned.

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning," Michael said, "Right now, Tues needs to get some sleep. And you," he looked at Laurie, "Should be in bed, too. You have an early morning and school on Monday,"

"What about me? I have an early morning, too!" Judith laughed.

"Well, Judith, I guess he just likes us better," Laurie joked putting her arm around Tuesday.

"Hey, that might be true!" Judith giggled.

"Hey, hey! I said go to bed!" Michael tried to sound serious, but couldn't suppress his smile.

"Fine, I'm going to bed," Tuesday said.

"I'll see you in the morning," Michael kissed her.

"I'll be the one in white,"

"You better be,"

In the real world, Tuesday was crying silently. But the thing was that she was crying for Michael. She wished she could help him. She loved him. In either life she loved him. Now, she was going to die by his hand. The only good thing was that there wasn't anything she could have done to change the situation. She wasn't at fault in any way. And she wouldn't have changed a thing if she could do it all again.

"Michael," she whispered with a slight smile touching her delicate features, "I love you,"

And these were the exact words she spoke in another universe.

"I love you, too," he said as she ascended the stairs.

Tuesday slipped into her room and closed the door. Hanging behind it was a white ball gown with puffy sleeves and rhinestones on the bodice. A long veil sewn onto a silver tiara was hanging in a separate bag on a coat rack. She smiled widely and lay down in her bed. Her silver heels were outside her room and were comfortable, although they weren't pretty. It hardly mattered, though. They weren't going to be seen.

Her hair was going to be done nicely and she was getting a French manicure. The bridesmaid dresses were blue with hi-lo hemlines and sweetheart necklines with cap sleeves. She had had a hard time finding them, but loved them; no matter how good or bad anyone else thought they looked. It was her day and she wanted to be happy.

And she was. She was so happy.

In real life, Tuesday squeezed her eyes shut and waited to die. But

nothing happened. She felt the hand let go of her hair and she slowly stood up from her uncomfortable position, but kept her eyes closed.

Then, the hand was back. But it was different; gentle. His hands touched her waist gently and then something surprised even more than this. A warm sensation against her lips. She allowed them to part and finally kissed him like she should have when she was seventeen. It was a short kiss, but it was absolutely, positively, entirely, completely, one hundred percent perfect.

He pulled away and Tuesday stumbled forward. Her eyes stayed closed in a daze for a few moments. She waited to see if there was more. Anything at all. But that was it. It was over.

She opened her eyes and looked around the upper attic. No one was there. Michael had gone. She was alone. She fell to her knees after a moment of just staring at the ladder and cried.

In another life, Tuesday married Michael. They were so in love. They had three children, two girls and a boy. They saw Laurie get married and have a daughter named Krystal.

But in real life, Tuesday remembered Michael as he had been at the age of 6 before that fateful Halloween. She remembered him as a gentle and loving boy who would have done anything for his friends.

She thought of him as he would have beenâ€|
â€|in another life.

End
file.